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I Dream of Thee.

I dream of thee,
Not only when the night has sway,
But through the watches of the day,
I dream of thee, the far away—
Only of thee.

I dream of thee—
I walk 'mid men in a vain show,
I speak, I gaze, yet I forego
The sense of all things here below
To dream of thee.

Only of thee—
This earth is good since thou art here,
This sun, this air is heavenly cheer,
Since sun and air enfold thee, dear—
I dream of thee.

I dream of thee—
I sing to thee my every song,
To thee my hidden thoughts belong,—
Yet shouldst thou, the long-awaited come,
I have no words—these lips are dumb—
I dream of thee.

Ellen S. Hooper.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mozart and Cramer for Piano Teaching.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Teaching is not high art. Yet it is neither ignoble nor is it drudgery. For if it be good to create the beautiful in the world of sound, it is surely not a bad act to facilitate the recognition and appreciation of the beautiful already created; and this last is the work of the teacher and the critic. The critic does it in an outward way, by weaving a web of free fantasy with the new creation for the text, and the reader who understands words better than he does tones, is elevated and drawn toward the comprehension of a beauty he might not otherwise discern. The teacher, on the other hand, performs this use in an indirect way, and by second causes. His way of working is to lead the pupil along unconsciously, by a road he does not understand, (a road properly diversified by mountains and valleys and pleasant scenery) until finally the pupil finds himself full of sympathy and enjoyment in the world of the beautiful in tones, an appreciative performer of the master works of genius both of the past and present. And unless teaching has this result, to the full capacity of the individual pupil, it is by so much a failure, and the professional life of the teacher is deprived of everything that could give it dignity. All that I have to say, therefore, rests on this postulate: That it is the work of the teacher to lead the pupil, by the shortest possible route, to the free performance and comprehension of the master-works for his instrument.

Of the technical part of teaching I have before spoken, showing what reason I thought existed for deviating from the common course of exercises in order to develop execution more rapidly. The question now is, therefore, by what pieces can the pupil's musical perceptions be most rapidly developed.

Let us assume then, that the later Sonatas of Beethoven, from opus 31 to the end, afford

us the deepest revelation of the beautiful that genius has yet accomplished by the aid of the pianoforte. And this we may claim and grant without denying the great originality and force of Schumann and Chopin, and several recent writers. For in spite of the unquestionable freshness of these composers and the exquisite loveliness of many of their creations, it cannot be denied that these works of Beethoven take hold of the eternal principles of beauty in a way peculiarly their own, and likely to render them valid for many years to come. This is a conviction that closer study of the later Sonatas inevitably strengthens. What then are the peculiarities of these works that render them comparatively inaccessible to the average player? I answer, three: First: their exquisite coloring, requiring so much delicacy and refinement in the touch. This is to a certain extent a difficulty to be met by adequate training of technics, and so we need not tarry to discuss it here beyond affirming refinement and expressiveness of touch to be one of the most important ends to be reached by means of technical exercises. For touch is no less a matter of technics than are speed, endurance, and breadth of execution, since it is mechanically dependent on fineness and firmness of muscle. And it is failure in the quality of touch that has most hindered the success of these later sonatas among even advanced players.

The second difficulty the pupil meets is the awful unity of each separate sonata. This expression "awful unity" seems to me literally exact. I do not use it as a reproach, but reverentially; for I have never studied any pianoforte works that require to be judged so much as wholes, and not in parts. It is the comprehensiveness that the Creator displays, when in the landscape each tree and flower and blade of grass has its own perfection of development, and every hill its own individual lines of slope (inevitably conditioned by the geological substructure of rock); yet the whole picture one of such beauty and unity that there is never a tree one would willingly spare, — even a square yard of turf taken from the swelling bosom of yonder hill would inevitably mar the perfection. Unity was one of the chief elements of Beethoven's greatness as a composer. And when in consequence of his deafness he retires more and more within himself, the works become more and more closely knit together. The unity is not one of technical externals, but of the very soul of the thought. So that in the later works it is not a question of a separate movement considered in itself, but of the movement taken in its connection. How does this *Adagio* follow that *Allegro*? Who, for instance can rightly judge the *Arioso* in op. 110 (exquisite as it is) without taking into consideration the thoughtful recitative that introduces it. This, again, receives its importance from the headlong

Allegro that led to it; which again takes us back to the *Molto Cantabile* that opens the work. So does one day of life depend upon all the preceding; and so does each moment influence all that are to follow.

Now this comprehensive grasp of a whole work is not the property of children. It is the adult mind that takes in the whole work at a glance, and in the hearing fitly enjoys each moment as it passes, and in this way most surely weaves it into the web of total impressions that the work gives. Enjoys each moment, but does not forget. Some hear music as the æolian harp enjoys the wind; zephyr or breeze have free course over the willing strings, and delicious are the ever varying strains of harmony each moment brings. Yet each chord exists for itself alone; it tells nothing of the one that went before; it predicts nothing of the one that shall follow. The music so much vaunted is mere heedless emotional life. It is not the breath of an intelligent soul, but only of the wind that bloweth where it listeth. So also is it in the soul of the unthinking hearer. Into his physical ear all these impressions fall, the fitly modulated chords, each one in due subjection to the ruling idea, and each period and chapter in fit relation of consequence to the subject, yet when all is done he has nothing remaining of individual thought or of final summing up of impression, more than the insensate harp I spoke of. He is like a camera obscura which, without sensitive plate, has been left exposed all day before a beautiful landscape. On the ground glass within every moment of the day has painted a perfect image of itself, yet at nightfall there remains exactly what there was in the morning, a white plate of glass, just as truthfully giving the picture concentrated on it by the lens as ever, and just as ignorant as ever of all that went before. One would be in doubt whether it could have seen all the delicious changes of that lovely June day, were it not that a little bird rested his flight on the cover for a moment and dropped a few seeds, which alone prove that it has been in the open air.

The third peculiarity of these sonatas is their deep subjectivity. They are the expression of a soul naturally deep and strong, and this depth and strength have increased as he has come to maturity and gone on to old age. Opus 31 was written when Beethoven was thirty-two, a mature man already of twenty years' experience as a composer, already full of sympathy with nature, already more dependent on his own inner life as his hearing had become more defective. Opus 111 gives us a leaf from the life of the same deep soul, matured by over fifty years, of which the last ten have been at peace only when he completely withdrew himself from the outer world, and, reaching deeper for the secret of the beautiful, brings us these deep and lovely strains which out of trouble and conflict triumphantly

enter into peace and rest and joy. Such is the voice of that last sonata. Here the kingdom of heaven is *within*. It is out of the heart that such strains as these come.

Still after all this expenditure of words I have not approached my text. Yet we are now able to approach it from another side. If we grant that these later sonatas are indeed the farthest point of the beautiful yet reached in pianoforte music, and if we admit that their peculiarities are such as I have pointed out, it necessarily follows that the training of the pupil must have for its ultimate object the development of this comprehensive view of a work, and above all the depth of soul to enjoy such earnestness and intense emotional life as these works show.

As to the comprehensive view of a whole work, this must be founded on a full appreciation of short works, which may easily be remembered. And this comprehension must be based on the development of the pupil's capacity to *fully enjoy* widely different kinds of pieces—in other words a broadening of the pupil's emotional capacity. In order for this we must select music that has a marked individuality, an originality so pronounced as inevitably to carry the pupil beyond his ordinary states of feeling. This originality of pieces selected must rather be in the emotional life than in the mere tones of melody and harmony. And so we are led inevitably through Stephen Heller (for the opening stages of this process) to Schumann, who has certainly given a diversity to pianoforte music greater than any one else. The Album for the young, Op. 68 and the selection of pieces in "Boosey's Cabinet" (No. 100) have served me as "war-horses" many times, and never without the most important effect in developing the pupil's appreciation of the emotional expression of music; and so necessarily his playing has acquired a fire and picturesque variety commonly regarded as unattainable for average pupils. It is from Schumann that one learns easiest to thoroughly enjoy widely individualized fragments of composition; and so in the most thorough way is laid a foundation for completely comprehending extended works into which a great range of contrast necessarily enters.

Mozart is not applicable for this use, especially for city pupils, because the emotional life of his works is so much less conspicuous. Beauty and loveliness they have, and exquisite grace of melody and harmony, but they lack the emotional force to fully occupy the nineteenth century pupil. After a certain amount of cultivation one may enter into Mozart and fully enjoy him, in his way; but this will never be a full and satisfactory enjoyment to him who can be developed to the enjoyment of Beethoven. The comparatively child-like nature of Mozart is too apparent. One could easily imagine Mozart in heaven, now pouring out his soul in a song of joy, and anon easing his child-like activity by a somerset or two with the other youngsters among the clouds. But Beethoven, whether in song or silence, would be so filled with beauty and peace as to need no outward action to diversify his life or relieve a restless energy; the contemplation of Infinite Beauty and Love would fill every

faculty of his being, always new, and always satisfying. Such, if I may be understood, seems to me the true nature of the men; and such the ultimate analysis of their music. And this, therefore, gives clue to their value in teaching. I would use Mozart to a limited extent to lead the pupil to a degree of sympathy with the sonata form. Still if I am not mistaken, the *form* of the sonata is an unnecessary bug-bear to teachers. For if the pupil can be brought to a full sympathy with the emotional life of the music itself, the outward peculiarities of the sonata, so far as they are genuine expressions of a real musical life within, will by no means distract his attention.

True musical form, like true style in literature, is that which places one in closest sympathy with the author's thought. And while a course of training in the sonata form and general course of treatment may be and probably is necessary in order to a pupil's satisfactory enjoyment of the earlier sonatas, this is only because Beethoven was still somewhat hampered by the traditions of the *form*. And to that extent, in spite of the teaching of the schools, I hold the style to have been less perfect than in the later works where he goes at once directly to the expression of his meaning, regardless of any question as to how Haydn or Mozart would have treated such a theme. Indeed it was not possible to have expressed the deep subjectivity of those later sonatas in accordance with the traditions of strict form. The soul *must* shape the face, and this in spite of abstract laws of beauty. And it is to me the glory of Beethoven as compared with Mozart that his works have so much *soul*, such richness of hidden life as so entirely to overthrow tradition. Yet every one can see that he is still true to the underlying principles of form. Contrast, symmetry, logical consistency still exist even in a higher degree than formerly.

It is a nice thing and a complimentary to discuss good Jean Baptiste Cramer in the company of Mozart and Beethoven; for, in spite of what teachers say about artistic satisfaction in Cramer's *études*, it remains unquestionably true that by how much Beethoven excels Mozart, by far more Mozart excels Cramer. For in his works we have neither any depth of soul, nor any peculiar grace or sweetness of melody; but only a certain elegant and refined treatment of motives, and their development into wholes which in their day were valid formulas of pianoforte study. Their value in our day lies in the very fact that, although elegantly written, they are *not* music. They afford a certain discipline to the pupil in retaining a patient practice of apparently meaningless passages until finally in the moment of victory an effect comes out which is to an extent music, because it is obtained by musical means, but lacks soul and depth of beauty. It is as if by great patience one had made a wax woman. With proper artistic touches she blooms into semblance of life. Were one to keep her in the family, one would find, I fancy, that in spite of her good looks and elegant costume, the domestic virtues were overlooked in her composition. So it is that Cramer's Studies impress me. That they have an important use in teaching I have already indicated.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR. While cordially agreeing with what our contributor so well says of the Beethoven Sonatas, and of Schumann, &c., we must protest that he quite underrates the pianoforte music both of Mozart and of Cramer. Mozart with all his childlike spontaneity, was also a deep-souled man, an earnest thinker in his art; we do not have to go to *Don Giovanni* or the Requiem to find that; there are abundant traces of it in his smaller compositions. Nor was Beethoven "hampered" by the Sonata form; such genius can be as free in that form as out of it. And as to Cramer, we maintain that there is something besides "meaningless passages," that there is poetry and soul and beauty in some of his *Etudes*, and that decidedly they are music. There, friend Mathews!

Wagner and Beethoven.

A Letter from Charles Gounod.

Gounod has written to Mr. Oscar Comettant a letter on Wagner's emendations of Beethoven, of which the following is a translation:

"TAVISTOCK HOUSE, London, May 6.—
My Dear Friend: The number of the English musical journal, *The Orchestra*, for the 1st of May, contains an article entitled 'Re-scoring Beethoven'; and though I agree with the writer in most of his reflections, I beg your permission to offer a few observations on this subject, which may not be without interest.

"I do not know Beethoven's Choral Symphony 'according to Wagner'; I know it only 'according to Beethoven,' and I confess that I find that enough. I have often heard and often read this gigantic work, and neither in hearing nor in reading it have I ever felt that it needed any correction. Moreover, to begin with, whatever Wagner may be—supposing even that he is a second Beethoven (and unquestionably we shall never see a second Beethoven, any more than we shall see a second Dante, or a second Michael Angelo)—I do not admit the right of anybody to correct the masters. You would not think of altering the designs of Raphael or Leonardo da Vinci, or of painting them over again; it would not only be a piece of supreme presumption, but it would even be a calumny to substitute a strange touch for the handiwork of those grand and mighty geniuses who knew, I suppose, what they were doing and why they did it.

"But, to come back to the particular case of the Choral Symphony—I can see no foundation for the pretence that the text needs to be modified. And first, as regards the purely instrumental part of the work—that is to say, the first three movements and the well-developed opening of the fourth—Beethoven had such a profound knowledge and prodigious mastery of the resources of the orchestra and of the qualities and contrasts of the different instruments, that I cannot comprehend how any one should dream for an instant of offering him any advice on that head. It takes M. Wagner to do that; he gives lessons to all the world, to Beethoven as well as to Mozart and Rossini. I have heard the Ninth Symphony directed by Habeneck, the illustrious founder and conductor of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire at Paris, and the only change—not of the text nor of the instrumentation, but of nuance—which this learned director allowed himself, was the substitution of a mezzo-forte for a forte in the grand unison for stringed instruments which accompanies the sixths and thirds in the melodic passage of the Scherzo. This slight change was made so that the flutes, clarinets, and bassoons, to which the melodic design is intrusted, might not be overpowered by the great number of stringed instruments whose muttering thunder marks the principal rhythm beneath. As for the vocal part (solo and chorus) which ends the incomparable, sublime and uniquely majestic work, I deny absolutely that the executants and the public have pronounced against it a decisive and irrevocable *non possumus*. *Non possumus* is the expression of every first discouragement; it has greeted

the first appearance of every innovation; it was set up against the symphonies of Beethoven when they began to be known in France, and against the works of Meyerbeer, 'Robert le Diable,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'Le Prophète'; it has recently been set up in Germany against the latest dramatic works of Richard Wagner, which the artists and chorus declared to be impossible either to learn or to sing; it has been pronounced, and is still pronounced by many persons, against the last grand quartets of Beethoven. Time at last smooths away the difficulties, and in this as in so many other things, what seemed impossible yesterday appears perfectly simple to-day. It is certain that the vocal part of the Ninth Symphony is difficult of execution, and that the manner in which the voices are treated demands a skill and knowledge of music much above the average of artists and chorus singers. Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to say, in opposition to the assertions advanced in the critique with which I take issue, that in Vienna, in 1842, I heard the Choral Symphony performed by 1,200 musicians (about 450 instrumental and 750 voices), under the direction of Otto Nicolai, and that the execution was *admirable* in every respect—in the *ensemble*, in firmness, in precision of attack and of rhythm, in perfect accuracy of intonation, and in the exact observance of the nuances, even in the shrillest notes and the most rugged passages. It is true that in Germany the register and timbre of the soprano voice lend themselves with peculiar facility to attacking and holding the highest notes, and this accounts in part for the excellence of the performance in respect to precision and purity of intonation; but it must be added that the knowledge of music so generally diffused in Germany by the obligatory teaching of the art in all the schools contributes not a little to the accuracy of execution. I have realized in my own experience how universally the teaching and knowledge of music are familiar to children in Germany, and I once brought out at Vienna, after a single lesson, a Requiem of my own which consisted of no fewer than fourteen numbers; the execution was irreproachable, and the children entrusted with the first and second treble parts in the choruses read their parts at first sight as easily as if they had been reading a book. I remember a lad of 12 or 13 years, a shop-boy at a book-seller's where I had made a purchase; when he brought home my books I saw him look wistfully at my piano, 'Do you play the piano?' said I. 'Oh, Sir, a little,' replied he, timidly, 'not much.' I made him sit down immediately at the piano, and he played for me from memory Beethoven's grand sonata in F minor. It is rare to find in Germany a family whose members cannot execute a part-song at sight, not like *singers*, but like *musicians*. If we would prove then that the vocal part of the Choral Symphony is entirely practicable, although it may be, as Rossini said, 'badly fingered for the voice,' we must deal with choristers and singers who not only have good voices, but also know how to read music, and it must be admitted that this condition is very imperfectly fulfilled in England.

"But however this may be, let us not touch the works of the great masters; it is an example of rashness and irreverence on whose downward course there is nothing to arrest our steps. Let us not meddle with the work of these high-bred hands whose noble outlines, severe structure, and majestic elegance posterity ought to contemplate unveiled; and let us remember that it is better to leave a great master his imperfections, if he has any, than to impose upon him our own.

"CHARLES GOUNOD."

Boston Handel and Haydn Society.

Annual Report of Mr. LORING B. BARNES, the President.

Gentlemen of the Handel and Haydn Society—Were it not imperatively required of the President to "make a report in writing at the annual meet-

ing," my inclinations would lead me to the omission of this duty at the present time; not for lack of material on which to base such a report, but for reason of my inability to present views which shall, in ever so slight a degree, shadow forth the *effects* which are certain to be realized by all lovers of art consequent upon the work of the

THIRD TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL,

so successfully brought to a close on the 10th inst.

I fail to command language fitting to the occasion. With far greater significance have you presented to the world your own report. You have spoken it in language which cannot be misunderstood; and that report has already traversed the continent and been flashed through the Atlantic to all the cities of Europe where high art is recognized.

Before referring more particularly to the festival, let us consider some matters relating to the regular season of the society.

REHEARSALS.

The first meeting of the society for rehearsals was held, as required by the by-laws, on the first Sunday night of October, and weekly meetings for that purpose were continued until the opening of the festival, with the exception of the two evenings on which the society gave the only two performances of the season.

Later in the season, and for several weeks previous to the 5th of May, when the festival was commenced, a large number of rehearsals were held each week, and in some instances *every* evening, in the week was devoted to that duty, under the careful training of the conductor.

This is known to all of you, but the public, to whom we look for support, know little of the immense amount of time and earnest attention requisite in preparation for a season, whether regular or of a festival character, and for their information I make this statement.

THE AVERAGE OF ATTENDANCE

for the regular weekly rehearsals, twenty-eight in number, is found to be nearly four hundred; but, if we take the average for the entire season, including all the extra meetings, we find that it is reduced about one hundred, extending through the number of forty-six evenings.

Though this exhibit may be considered favorable, yet a greater percentage of attendance is an absolute necessity; and in this connection it is well to state that the subject of non-attendance upon rehearsals is one which calls for the serious consideration of the officers of the society, and more stringent regulations than those now in force must be adopted, if we would retain the position we now occupy among the musical organizations of the country.

It can only be through the unwearied efforts of the officers, and the conscientious co-operation and faithful discharge of their duties by its members, that any society or organization of a musical nature may hope to attain to any degree of proficiency, however competent and faithful to his duties the drill master may be. It is only at the expiration of the long weeks and months of preparation, when with all the accessories of accomplished vocalists and instruments, combined with the trained choral force, the stupendous creations of the great masters of harmony may be presented to the expectant throng of listeners in a manner which shall at once satisfy the ear of the most critical and the heart of the most sensitive and sympathetic nature; and it is only then that we receive our full reward, though much satisfaction is experienced by all of us in tracing the intricacies and studying the thoughts of the composers through their works.

We have, in an imperfect manner, accomplished much towards a correct rendering of the great works of the masters, but still more remains for us to do, and this can only be effected by constant and earnest labor. A clear and distinct enunciation of the *words* of any composition is next in importance to correct tones, and no one can lay claim to being even a passably good vocalist who disregards this important requisite. But this instruction properly belongs to the drill master, and I leave it with him.

SUSPENDED AND DISCHARGED.

Sixty-seven members of the society (gentlemen) have been suspended during the past season, of which number eleven only have been reinstated. The remaining fifty-six are liable at any time to receive their discharge, and all who stand thus suspended are debarred from participation in any of the business of the society or from attending its rehearsals.

Fifty-one have been discharged for non-attendance, and seven have voluntarily withdrawn from membership.

Many ladies of the chorus have also been suspended under a special rule of the board, but the number of such suspended has not been furnished for this report.

MEMBERS DECEASED.

Since my last annual report, several of those whose faces had become familiar to all of us from their long connection with the society, and from their devoted labors at all times in its interest, some of whom had held important positions in its board and government, have been removed by death; and although mention has already been made to you, gentlemen, of this fact, it is well that it should now go on record with the long list already gone before, and to which others must be added as the years roll on.

George Hews, who joined the society in 1830, and who served the same faithfully, whether in or out of office, having occupied many positions in its Government, and whose name may be found among the list of vice-presidents from 1834 to 1858; James Sharp, who was enrolled as a member but a short time after its organization, the record showing Oct. 15, 1816, as the date of his admission, and who also filled most honorably many positions of responsibility in the board of government, who never allowed any meeting of the society, called for business purposes, to pass without being present if it was possible for him to do so, and whose words of wisdom on such occasions will long be remembered by his associates; Dexter Bowker, a member from 1846; Jarvis Lothrop, who joined in 1837; Charles W. Lovett, whose name first appears in 1820, and who was a prominent vocalist in the society for many years thereafter, and subsequently honored with the votes of the society, which placed him at its head for the years 1834 and 1835; Jubal Howe, admitted to membership in 1822; and Lewis Pierce, in 1820. All good and true men, and who ever regarded the interests of the society of paramount importance to that of any individual, whether a part of or standing independent of the same.

ADMISSIONS.

Candidates for admission to the chorus are requested to go before a committee on examination of voices, which committee is appointed by the president from among the members composing the board of government. Such candidates are expected to read ordinarily difficult music at sight, besides showing to the committee the possession of good voices and general familiarity with the requirements of choir or chorus singing.

The number, of both sexes, who have passed such examination and who have been admitted to the chorus of the society during the past year is seventy. Of this number twenty-five were gentlemen and forty-five were ladies.

From the above statement it will be seen that the society is constantly receiving valuable accessions to its ranks and is greatly strengthened by this new element.

PUBLIC PERFORMANCES.

But two public performances of the society have been given during the entire season previous to the festival,—the "Messiah," near Christmas, according to a long-established custom, and the "Elijah" at Easter. Large audiences were present on both occasions. The unusual amount of work incident upon a festival of the magnitude of that of the Third Triennial—which will ever be memorable, from the character and extent of the programme no less than for the manner in which that wonderful array of classical compositions was presented—rendered it quite impossible to do more than appear on the two occasions referred to.

It may here be said that the practice of withholding from the public through an entire season the oratorios, which it has been the custom of the society to present to its patrons, because of the immense labors imperative on a festival of the nature of that just closed, is one of doubtful expediency, and will not be likely to occur again.

THE PERMANENT FUND.

It is believed, is safely and profitably invested; and whenever we shall be placed in a position to allow the income to be invested with the principal, it will increase, so that in the near future our resources will be such as to relieve our friends wholly from all responsibilities attending the triennials; though that time will not come until at least two more of these occasions shall have rolled over our heads.

The treasurer and the librarian have both submitted their reports, from which it will be seen that the society still remains clear from debt, and that the library is in a good condition, with large additions to our already valuable repertoire.

THE FESTIVAL.

The third triennial festival of the society naturally claims a large share of our attention at this time, and though fully conscious of the importance of the same as making an era, so to speak, in the musical history of the society—and I might in truth add, the whole country as well—my feeble power will fail to convey to the mind of the listener the advantages which must accrue to the community—the already acknowledged head of classical music in this country—through the great programme presented at this festival and the manner of its interpretation by the combined artists—chorus, orchestra and principals—gathered for that occasion; and I shall confine myself mainly to facts, allowing others to draw conclusions.

THE ST. MATTHEW PASSION MUSIC.

of John Sebastian Bach, was given, though not entire, for the first time in this country; and it was evidently listened to by the large audience present with much interest.

The Passion Music, while it may perhaps be classed at the head of all choral writing as a work of immense difficulty, one requiring a double chorus and orchestra in its execution, is, at the same time, freighted with great and noble thoughts as no other work possesses, and the listener, if imbued with one spark of poetic thought or any inward longings for the highest and purest emotions which are capable of being aroused through the agency of the divine art, cannot fail of realizing all that the imaginations of the brain may have pictured, or the longings of the soul have conceived of in listening to this wonderful work of the great master. Though buried for nearly a century and a half, it comes out in this generation as fresh as when first from the pen of the composer, and with far greater significance, when we consider the rapid strides which have been made in every department of art during that period, as well as the inventions and discoveries which are credited to the nineteenth century.

But in music the question may well be asked: Have we progressed? or are we engaged in a retrograde movement? It is sufficient for my purpose at this time to thus refer to the great merit of the performance of a portion of this work and to express the hope that at no distant day, the entire composition may be given, by setting aside some day during Passion Week, Good Friday it may be, when all the great thoughts of the great master may be placed before the public in proper form.

• THAT CHORUS

that can begin with the war-like "Judas Macabæus," with its peaceful element so ingeniously interwoven by Handel; successfully interpret the thoughts of Haydn in his lovely "Spring"; thence on to the wondrous "Ninth Symphony" of Beethoven, with its impetuous last number for voice, solo and chorus; the lovely "Hear my Prayer" and the "Christus" of Mendelssohn, and the Psalm of Buck; thence to the "St. Matthew Passion," stirring the emotions as no other can; grasping and conquering the difficulties vouchsafed by Mr. Paine in his "St. Peter," and finally ending the festival with the "Messiah," and still on, as though anxious to show to their patrons that they yet possessed the ability and strength of endurance to place themselves once more before a critical audience in the well-known "Elijah," and to pass the ordeal creditably—is one to be encouraged and supported by the community which claims it as its own.

While we award to the chorus the first honors, it is well to survey the field and give to each department its due in aiding the successful termination of the work so elaborately foreshadowed for months in advance of its finale consummation.

THE SUPERB THOMAS ORCHESTRA

was one of the chief auxiliaries to the chorus, and its powerful aid, increased as it was for that occasion by the addition of many of our own musicians, numbering eighty-five in all, was felt and acknowledged by every one. Without that powerful body of accomplished artists the difficult programme selected for performance could hardly have been presented in a creditable manner.

THE VOCAL ARTISTS,

including Miss Edith Wynne of London, Miss Adelaide Philipps, Miss Annie L. Cary, Mr. Nelson

Varley, Mr. Myron W. Whitney, and others whom I will not here enumerate, but who are one and all known throughout the length and breadth of the country, were each equal to the requirements of the week of festival.

CONDUCTOR AND ORGANIST.

Few outside of the society itself know anything of the labors and responsibilities attaching to the positions held by Mr. Zerrahn and Mr. Lang; names so identified with the society that the Handel and Haydn would scarcely be recognizable without them.

The greatest amount of labor naturally falls to the drill-master of a chorus in the months of preparation necessary for a festival of the magnitude of that so recently brought to a close, and also to the conductor who skillfully guides the masses under his control through the various compositions so diverse in their construction as were those heretofore referred to; and when both positions are assigned to one and the same person, it will readily be seen that it was both arduous and responsible. It may well be said by those who know Mr. Zerrahn—and who in this community does not?—that that gentleman met all the requirements placed upon him in a truly masterly manner, leaving nothing to be desired in his department.

The pianist who is willing to devote his time to the dry study of the intricate choruses of any new and difficult work with a society of amateurs like ours, who stumble at every step, requiring the closest attention on his part to aid them in their work, most assuredly must be induced to do so from love of the compositions and from the advantages which must thereby accrue to the cause of art, and in this his chief recompense is found.

Mr. Lang has not only shown a self-sacrificing spirit in all this, but he has in no small degree contributed his powerful and valuable support to the chorus from his obscure position behind the Beethoven statue, through the instrumentality of the superb organ under his control. One less skilful than he might have jeopardized many a performance, however able the hand which wielded the baton.

THE MUSIC HALL STAGE.

The improvement in seating the chorus over that of any other occasion was too apparent to all, and no extended comments are required other than this, that it is confidently believed that the extended programme which was presented at the festival could not have been given with any degree of satisfaction either to choristers or auditors without this much-needed change; and as the "improvement" has been carefully removed, and stored away, it is hoped that we shall again have the satisfaction of so using it as long as the Music Hall shall be retained in its present position.

THE FINANCIAL RESULT.

I have thus far spoken of the festival as a great musical success; but the financial aspect is not so flattering. It is mortifying to us to acknowledge a financial failure, but it must be done. The causes for this failure may be attributed to whatever sources the friends of the society may be induced to ascribe them from each and all of their various stand-points. I will only allude to one or two points, which may be worthy of consideration in any future festivals the society may hold. As we are a choral society, perhaps it will be well to consider whether the so-called symphony concerts should be incorporated into any future programme, and more particularly when it is known that our greatest patronage comes with each appearance of the chorus. Again, we tire our audience with so great a number of representations. Four or five performances would cost less and bring equally as great returns.

As a result of all our labors and responsibilities, in a financial point of view, we are compelled to go to our guarantors for assistance. We do not go to them, however, with the cringing servility of mendicants begging to be relieved of their embarrassments, but as men who have but just emerged from a musical campaign unexampled in the history of the art, in this or in any other country, and who have nobly carried their great work through to a final and successful issue, which at once reflects lustre upon the good name of the Handel and Haydn Society and the gentlemen who so generously gave us the strength to do this great work. Do I speak with too much assurance when I say that the liberal and generous people of this community who have so often aided us will, if we continue true to our high mission, do so again? With them rests the solution of the question,

whether the third triennial of the society shall be its last, or whether we shall be still further strengthened and supported in our mission.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

I fear I shall weary you, gentlemen, if I proceed further, but I must be permitted to refer to a subject which, if carried through by your votes, in some necessary changes in the by-laws, cannot in my judgment but prove highly beneficial to the society.

I now refer to a contemplated removal from Bumstead Hall, where we are never really comfortable, to one of greater dimensions, and where those of our patrons who may desire to attend upon the rehearsals of the society may do so on payment of a sum annually as associate members, which sum shall enable us to secure the premises for our uses in the evenings usually set apart for rehearsals.

The subject has received the careful consideration of the board of directors and has met their approval, though no action has been taken. A change of by-laws will be required before anything can be done towards securing associate members; and the attention of the new board of directors to be elected at this meeting must be early called to this question.

THE PRESENT BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

I cannot close this report without bearing testimony to the efficient board of directors who have served during the past season, and more particularly to those who have been assigned to the committee for examination of applicants for membership, for the discrimination shown in those examinations.

THE STAFF OF SUPERINTENDENTS

are also to be commended for the impartial ability shown in the execution of their important duties.

While referring to this subject it is well to add that in arranging the programme for the festival, in engaging vocal artists and orchestra, and in fact in carrying out all the minutiae of the festival, it could hardly be supposed that perfect unity of thought and purpose could exist in the board. Were it thus, it might well be said that one mind and one will controlled the action of the board. On the contrary, much diversity of opinion has at times been expressed, and perfect independence of thought and action has been exercised by all; but whenever a question has been disposed of by vote, I have yet to be informed of a single instance where prejudice or preference was allowed to step between a member and his duty. In fact, there has been so little during the season to even jar the machinery that I can recall nothing.

It can also be said that no differences of opinions among artists or orchestras, or jealousies of any nature, were even hinted at by any of the large number engaged in the performances of the week. In fact, all seemed to vie with each other in their endeavors to make the third triennial of the society a success; and to no one, after having named as I have our own well-tried organist and conductor, must higher honors be awarded than to Theodore Thomas, who rendered signal aid in his own quiet, unostentatious manner, and in carrying through successfully the great work.

And so may it ever be not only with and between those who may be associated with us, but with far greater force let this injunction apply to ourselves. Harmony at home is sure to command respect from abroad.

Music Abroad.

London.

HERR ERNST PAUER. For the fourth time Herr Pauer comes forward with a series of pianoforte performances which he styles "historical," but to which, perhaps, the term "chronological" might be fitter applied. More interesting exemplifications of what has been done for the art in a particular way could hardly be thought of. Our only possible objection to Herr Pauer's general scheme is that he omits all reference to such composers as Friedemann Bach—eldest son of John Sebastian, and by universal consent the most gifted, if not the most industrious of his sons; Woelf, Steibelt, J. B. Cramer, Moscheles, and our own English Pinto. With Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, &c.,—thanks to the Monday Popular Concerts—we are tolerably well acquainted; but we want to know more of other men, who, if not their equals, have, at any rate, exercised a powerful influence on the progress

Andante maestoso.

.... Heav'n and the earth dis - play, His grandeur is un -

.... Heav'n and the earth dis - play, His grandeur is un -

Andante maestoso.

f

bound - ed; They de - clare He is God, they re - sound His end - less fame;

bound - ed; They de - clare He is God, they re - sound His end - less fame, They de -

f

p

They de - clare He is God.....

clare He is God, is God.....

No. 2. "WHAT STAR IN ITS GLORY UPRISETH?"—RECITATIVO.

Andante quasi Recit.

SOFRANI
TUTTI

What star in its glo - ry up - ri - seth? How beau - ti - ful and bright is this

child's dawning ray! From van - i - ty he turneth a - way, And all that

world - ly pride de - vis - eth, He scorneth as a vain dis -

play.

ALTI TUTTI

While A - tha - lie for Baal prepar - eth Her in - cense and her strains of

cresc. *f*

praise; This child in her presence de-cla - reth, That God a - lone hath endless days.

cresc. *sf* *f*

p

He, like E - li - jah, bold - ly stands forth Un - dis - may'd by this Je - ze bel's

p

wrath.

TENORI TUTTI

Say, in thy hidden birth what is by heav'n in - tend - ed? Art thou, bles-sed

cresc. *cresc.*

child, from a prophet sire descend - ed?

BASSI TUTTI. *f*

Dai - ly our fa - thers witness'd Sa - mu - el Be-fore the

dim.

cresc.

ta - ber - na - cle kneel - ing, While hea - ven's do - crees they heard him re -

cresc.

SOPR. & ALTI unis. *ritard.*

TENORI *f* *ritard.*

As he came, may you come to com-fort Is - sa - el!

As he came, may you come to com-fort Is - ra - el!

vealing, *ritard.*

sf *sf* *sf* *ritard.* *p*

Allegretto non troppo. SOPR. I. SOLO.

Ev - er bles - sed child, re -

pp *cresc.* *pp*

joice, ev - er bles - sed, ev - er bles - sed child, By heav'nly love pro -

of the art of playing on the pianoforte. Sterndale Bennett, too, has surely written other things besides his musical sketches, "The Lake, the Millstream, and the Fountain," from which, by the way, at the third concert, the second and finest is to be omitted—not, we need hardly say, on account of its difficulty of execution, inasmuch as Herr Pauer is one of those performers to whom difficulties are unknown. But there are the "Three Romances," the "Three Impromptus," the *Rondo Piacevole* (played not long since by Dr. Hans von Bülow) and a good many other pieces, without speaking of the Sonata in F minor, dedicated to Mendelssohn, the Fantasia in A, dedicated to Schumann, and the Sonata in A flat, called *The Maid of Orleans*, dedicated to Madame Goddard—all more or less worthy the attention of a pianist so gifted and deservedly eminent. But, apart from this, Herr Pauer's programme at the Hanover Square Rooms was full of interest. It comprised a selection from the "Studies" of Domenico Scarlatti, son of the famous Alessandro Scarlatti, and one of the most prolific of the early Italian composers; J. S. Bach's magnificent *Suite Anglaise* in A minor, the Prelude to which is one of the capital specimens of the master; Mozart's Fantasia with fugue in C (one of his least familiar pieces); Beethoven's Sonata in E Minor, Op. 90 (one of his most familiar pieces); Hummel's *Rondo Brillante*, Op. 109; three Impromptus by Schubert (posthumous); Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses*; and two pieces by Stephen Heller—one from *Dans les Bois*, the other a *tarantella* in E minor. Besides all these there were adaptations for the pianoforte, by Herr Pauer himself, of the "Spinner Song," from Haydn's *Seasons*, the scherzo from Mendelssohn's E minor quartet, and a military march by Beethoven. Here was truly a rich and effectively varied programme, testifying no less to Herr Pauer's erudition than his skill as a performer. A word of acknowledgement is due to the estimates of the composers whose works are brought forward, inserted by Herr Pauer in his programme—estimates not only marked by considerable research, but by great critical acumen.—*Times*.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ. What Mr. Hallé has done, ever since he came to this country, to popularize "classical" pianoforte music among us, not merely in London, but elsewhere, is well known. That he is one of the most thoroughly accomplished of living pianists, a master in the fullest acceptance of the term, is, and has long been, universally admitted. His chief claim to consideration, however, is that he has invariably and persistently used his exceptional gifts and his exceptional talent for the good of the art he professes. No more devoted champion of the legitimate school, which means really the only one deserving the name of "school," has come among us: and this is said in full remembrance of the many great pianists, from Dussek, Clementi, J. B. Cramer, Moscheles, &c., who for so long a period made London their residence—not forgetting what Thalberg did in his peculiar way, and Thalberg's many (too many) imitators in theirs. In short, Mr. Hallé's predilection has always been for that particular style of music the promulgation of a taste for which helps more than anything else to convince thinking people that the art pronounced "divine" was not intended to be merely the echo of what Lord Bacon calls a "tinkling cymbal," but for higher purposes and higher manifestations. In this view of his calling Mr. Hallé has been throughout consistent, and on this account alone would be entitled to the consideration of all true amateurs. Of what materials his annual series of "Pianoforte Recitals" are made it is unnecessary for us to say; enough that, having almost exhausted the whole repertory of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, to say nothing about the several remarkable specimens he has given us of Handel, Bach, Scarlatti, and the earlier masters, he has recently turned his attention to the pianoforte music of the present German schools, while adhering to the works of the universally-recognized masters, as the chief attractions of his programmes. Mr. Hallé, moreover, has been happy in his selections from modern composers, no better proof of which could be cited than the quartet in A major, for pianoforte, viola, and violoncello, of Johannes Brahms (now the musical hero of Germany), which he adopted from the first, and has succeeded in making popular. A finer performance of this remarkable piece than that given on Friday, in St. James's Hall, by Mr. Hallé, Madame Néruda—as much the "Queen" of violinists as Joseph Joachim is "King"—Herr Ludwig Straus, and Herr Franz Néruda, could not have been desired.

The last-named gentleman, accredited violoncellist, by the way, to the King of Denmark, is an artist both of ability and promise. A trio in F, for stringed instruments, by Fritz Gernsheim, a rising Prussian composer, was an absolute novelty to Mr. Hallé's patrons. This is a work full of genuine melody, constructed after the purest accepted models. Each of the four movements possesses an individual charm, which at once makes it acceptable to all hearers who prefer music with a purpose to music which is simply showy, and at the same time frivolous. The trio, played in perfection by Mr. Hallé, Mdme. Néruda, and Herr Franz Néruda, was appreciated at its worth, and much applauded. We are greatly mistaken if we do not hear more of this young musician, of whom Germany is already proud. Mr. Hallé also played (first time), with Madame Néruda, and Herr Franz Néruda, one of the posthumous compositions of Schubert—a *Notturmo*, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in E flat, brief and unpretending, but beautiful from the first bar to the last. His chief solo was Beethoven's wonderful Sonata in E flat, *L'Adieu*, *L'Absence*, et le *Retour*, how he interprets which frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts need hardly be reminded. He also played four movements from the sixth and last *Suite Française* of John Sebastian Bach, and played them in such a manner that the only regret was that any movement of the *Suite* should have been omitted. Here Mr. Hallé, having the authority to sustain him, might have set a good example. The entire "Recital" was in the highest degree attractive.—*Times*.

NEW PHILHARMONIC. At the morning concert of Saturday May 16, a new pianiste, Madame Essipoff, made her début in England, choosing for the occasion Chopin's concerto in E minor. This accomplished lady, a native of Russia, fully realized in all that Rubinstein, Auer, Henselt, and more recently Dr. Von Bülow, had affirmed respecting her truly marvelous talents. Madame Essipoff four years ago, at the Conservatoire of St. Petersburg, carried off the prize not only for execution, but for sight-reading, the great test of musical competency. In Vienna last winter her performance at the Philharmonic concert was a great triumph; and at three concerts given by Mdme. Essipoff on her own account, she created a legitimate "sensation," particularly in the music of Chopin, manifestly her forte. The critics said that she surpassed the effects of her master, Herr Leschetizky, so renowned on the continent for his poetical reading of Chopin's texts. Like Dr. Von Bülow, this lady plays every piece from memory, or "out of book." She has purposely come to London for the last two concerts of the "Musical Union." Mdme. Essipoff is indeed a great artist, and without specifying all her fine qualities, we may speak for the nonce of her exquisite touch and brilliant execution. She was to play Rubinstein's concerto in D minor at the concert on Wednesday night, which will be noticed hereafter. Her solos were selected from the works of Mendelssohn, Liszt, and Rubinstein.

Dr. Wyde and Herr Ganz for the fifth and sixth concert of the series chose Beethoven's seventh symphony, in A, and Spohr's "Power of Sound," the overtures to "A Winter's Tale," "Le Domino Noir," and "Masaniello."

PESTH.—According to report, Herr R. Wagner is indebted to his friend and admirer here, Herr Richter, the conductor at the National Theatre, for no less a treasure than a wonderful tenor, who is to sing in the performances to be given next year—or later—at the Grand-National Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre, Bayreuth. This vocal marvel is a gentleman in a good position, and the son of a bar-ter. His name is Franz Glatz. Until recently he devoted himself exclusively to the study of the law. He occasionally attended the meetings of the various Vocal Associations, and it was at one of these meetings that Herr Richter came across him. He was duly presented to Herr Richard Wagner, before whom he sang, and in whose Trilogie he is to sustain the part of Siegfried. Herr Glatz is tall, powerful, and well-made, and will look the character well. Whether, however, it is wise to trust so important a part to an amateur, time will show.

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his artistic career, the Abbat Franz Liszt presented to the Hungarian nation the art treasures he possesses at Weimar, on condition of their being preserved in the National Museum at Pesth. According to a Hungarian paper, it appears that, apart from its artistic and historical value, the simple pecuniary worth of the collection is 400,000 florins. Among

other objects, the inventory just made includes Beethoven's American piano; Mozart's piano and Haydn's piano; a number of articles of gold, silver, and platinum jewelry; a conducting-stick set with diamonds; a laurel wreath, silver enriched with emeralds; the solid silver desk presented by the city of Vienna; and the large silver crown presented by the town of Hamburg.

COLOGNE.—The following was the programme of the Fifty-first Musical Festival of the Rhine:—May 24th—Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven; and *Symson*, Handel, under the direction of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. On the 25th—"Triumphlied," Brahms, under the direction of the composer, and *Die Zerstörung Jerusalem's*—Ferdinand Hiller, also under the direction of the composer. On the 26th—Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Spmphony in A, Mendelssohn; air from *Euryanthe*, Weber (Herr Schelper); air from *Die Zauberflöte*, Mozart (Mad. Peschka-Leutner); Violin Concerto (Herr Joachim). Second Part—Overture to *Genoveva*, Schumann; air from *Iphigeni in Tauris*, Gluck (Herr Diener) Solos (Herr Joachim); Songs (Mad. Joachim); Final Chorus. Dr. Ferdinand Hiller conducted.

EISENACH.—Herr Joachim has forwarded to the J. S. Bach Monument Committee, 3,000 Prussian thalers, the proceeds of concerts given by him in England for the benefit of the Monument in question.

BRUSSELS.—*Le Guide Musical* reports a matinée of wind instrument music in Brussels given by some of the professors at the Conservatoire, and other artists. The programme included Beethoven's octet in B flat for 2 hautboys, 2 clarinettes, 2 horns, and 2 bassoons; which (says our French contemporary) is probably one of the composer's sketches for a symphony. A trio by the same master for 2 hautboys and cor anglais was another item; to these followed Mozart's grand serenade for 2 hautboys, 2 clarinettes, 2 horns, 2 bassoons, and contra-bassoon, a quintet by Rubinstein for flute, clarinette, horn, bassoon, and piano, and an "Idyll" for flute and 4 horns by Franz Dupler. The repertory of wind instruments, remarks *Le Guide*, is a comparatively unexplored country.

L'Art Musical gives some information about Verdi's first great sacred composition, the Mass composed by him in memory of his friend the late poet and patriot, Manzoni, which was to be performed on Friday, the first anniversary of Manzoni's death, at San Marco, in Milan. Our contemporary states that Verdi, having proceeded to Paris, took a modest room in the Hotel de Bade. Here he every day set out from the hotel at six o'clock in the morning, and went about Paris, alone and on foot, till nine o'clock. During these morning walks he thought out the Requiem. The writer goes on to say that "Verdi, who knows what is due to his reputation, and leaves nothing to chance, took care to make himself acquainted at Paris with all the Requiems written by the great masters. He read Mozart's, Berlioz's, and Cherubini's two, as well as others less celebrated, and came to the conclusion that the Dies Irae had never been musically treated in the exact spirit of the Latin text. During all the three months that he sojourned at Paris, Verdi was occupied with his Requiem, to the exclusion of all other works. On returning to Italy he set to work on the score, which was only quite finished off last March." There is much curiosity to discover how this essentially operative composer has succeeded with a sacred theme.

Verdi's Mass is to be sung in Paris at the beginning of next month; it is already in rehearsal.

Liszt is to spend the summer at Rome. He is reported to have in mind a new oratorio, of a Polish subject—"St. Stanislaus."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 13, 1874.

Third Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.

FIFTH DAY, SATURDAY, MAY 9.

That day afforded three performances. At noon an Organ Concert, by the Organist of the Society and of the Festival, Mr. B. J. LANG, with the following programme:

Fantasia in G major..... Bach.
Sonata No. 4, in B flat major, Op. 65... Mendelssohn.
Allegro con brio, Andante religioso, Maestoso,
Vivace.

Improvisation.....
Transcription for Organ of Mendelssohn's Hymn of
Praise Symphony.
Maestoso con moto, Allegretto un poco agitato,
Adagio religioso.

The audience was small; but for those present it was an hour of quiet, soulful, rich enjoyment. To hear once more that noble instrument, under the hands of a true artist, in strains worthy to employ all its variety and grandeur of resources, was not the least of that week's opportunities. Bach and Mendelssohn have not been heard so much on the Great Organ lately as they used to be. The Fantaisie by Bach was always one of Mr. Lang's happiest selections, and the beauty, depth and grandeur of the work must have been felt by all in his entirely clear and well-connected rendering. His combinations and contrasts of registers in the Mendelssohn Sonata, and in the three Symphonic movements of the "Hymn of Praise" were excellent, and the whole treatment could not fail to give a clear and just conception of both compositions,—although of course no organ and no organ playing can replace an orchestra.

In the afternoon an immense crowd (largely composed of members of the chorus and their guests) listened to the fourth Orchestral and vocal concert, which we were not able to attend. Here is the programme, of which the star-red numbers were conducted by Mr. THOMAS, and the rest by Mr. ZERRAHN:

Overture, "Magic Flute".....Mozart.
"Shadow Song," "Dinorah".....Meyerbeer.
Mrs. H. M. Smith.
*Symphony, "Lenore".....Raff.
Overture, "Genoveva".....Schumann.
*Aria, "In questa tomba".....Beethoven.
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
*Scherzo, "La Reine Mab, ou La Fée des Songes,"
Berlioz.
Scena, "Softly sighs," Der Freischütz.....Weber.
Miss Edith Wynne.
*Kaiser Marsch.....Wagner.

In the evening Mr. John K. Paine's Oratorio, "St. Peter," was presented for the first time in Boston. It had been performed once before in the composer's native city, Portland, Maine, where it had been rehearsed with zeal, and the report that went forth after the performance told of a remarkable success. Now the music was to speak for itself to more advantage, so far as the means of execution were concerned,—a more massive, long trained chorus, an altogether noble orchestra, the great Organ, Music Hall, &c. The old Society had taken up this serious and formidable effort of a young American composer in good earnest and with a strong desire to find the promise of its most partial eulogists fulfilled; nearly as much time was given to the rehearsal of its choruses as to that of all the other choral portions of the Festival together; and it was close, serious, laborious study; not a little up-hill work in it,—more work than recreation. Indeed it was a common complaint among the singers that, in many of the choruses, the music did not help them, did not inspire them, take them up and carry them along with it, by that sort of charm which made the difficulties of Bach, for instance, or of Mendelssohn or Handel, or even the Ninth Symphony, melt away before them to their own surprise; here they had but to delve away still wondering whether it was grateful soil that they were turning up;—a doubt not often felt, at least after a few trials, about any of the music of the great old masters. But finally the task was mastered, and depression gave way to a glad and buoyant sense of power; and with the best will to make the most they could of it, they came to the putting of the whole thing together in the full rehearsal with orchestra and solo singers; and then indeed they all felt better, and the great fabric seemed to live, and lift them so that they could sing with some enthusiasm.

The audience was not so large as we had hoped to see; but it was sympathetic; judging by every outward sign, well pleased, and generous of applause which broke out anew after almost every important number of the work,—especially the choruses. The absence of so many is accounted for partly by the circumstance of the new work coming directly between the Passion Music and the "Messiah," neither of which any one could afford to lose,—for between those two great excitements, so exhausting, a spell of rest was naturally craved,—and partly by a pretty general suspicion that the work, though earnest, full of learning, skill and merit, was yet heavy, sombre and depressing, and that it was too much to expect of any new oratorio in our day, least of all from an American, that it would prove an exception to the general experience of Oratorios such as are produced at the rate of two or three a year in England and in Germany, only to be praised and magnified by all the critics and then pass out of thought and hearing. For really, when we come to think of it, how many Oratorios have lived? Count in the best of Handel, the "Creation," and the two by Mendelssohn,* and the tale is virtually told! And then the question comes up, whether the old field of biblical Oratorio has not been already pretty thoroughly explored. If Christ as the Messiah be the theme, has not Handel sung it once for all completely, perfectly, as if by inspiration from above; if Jesus in the purely personal, human, sympathetic sense, what do we ask of music after Bach? If we turn to Old Testament subjects, Handel has been there before us, and it is poor gleaning after him. In the dramatic way, and in the spirit of our modern music, Mendelssohn would seem to have carried it about as far as it will go in "St. Paul" and "Elijah," especially the latter. Each new composer who would try his powers in Oratorio, striving for a place among the highest, for success where so few of the greatest have succeeded, must either undertake a new original treatment of the old themes, or he must seek out a subject such as *can be made to serve*. Sir Julius Benedict and Mr. Paine have chosen St. Peter. Not altogether an inspiring subject; for Peter is the principal and central figure only in that which is the outward, formal and exclusive phase of Christianity, church Christianity ("Upon this rock," &c.), whereas Bach and Handel go to the heart of the matter and bring out its human universal import. For the rest, with the exception of the episode of the Denial, Peter only figures as one in the group of the Lord's nearest followers, so that the real theme is once more the Messiah.

Yet Mr. Paine had no lack of inspiring themes for illustration. Four principal scenes out of the life of St. Peter find a certain unity, though not dramatic, in their connection with the beginning of the Christian "movement" (so to speak) in history. The Oratorio is in two parts, of which the first includes "The Divine Call," ending with the chorus: "The Church is built," and "The Denial and Repentance"; Part II. treats of the "Ascension" (Christ's reappearance to the disciples), and the thrilling scene of the "Pentecost." Mr. Benedict does not essay these last great themes, but, besides the Call, the Denial and Repentance, brings in the miracle of walking on the water ("Trial of Faith"), and ends with Peter's Deliverance from Prison. "Paulo majora canamus" must have been in our American composer's mind.—But the point of all this lies in the question whether, after all, it is worth the while for musical ambition, with whatever gift, to spend itself on efforts to repeat or rival the enduring models of the biblical Oratorio. When genius comes and does it, we shall know. Only the fact of genius must not be impatiently

proclaimed: the hour of recognition is not to be hastened; and very likely not a little of the scepticism about "St. Peter," which kept so many from the performance, was the natural effect of the exalted strains of eulogy, the over-confident announcement of a new "great genius," from critics and reviewers whose own credentials were by no means self-evident. "Save me from my friends" may well be the prayer of any candidate for honors of this sort.

Now we must make a frank confession. Our own experience with this music, before the performance, had been quite as earnest, quite as trying, and still more perplexing, than that of the chorus singers. With the strongest possible desire to find all clear and beautiful, both by puzzling over the piano score, and by listening to the chorus practice, we were only more and more beset with doubts. We could not feel a unity or positive individuality of style. We seemed now among traditions of Bach and Handel, now with Mendelssohn, and quite as often felt the chill of "new school" and "the future." Open where we might, we had to work our way with pains, and were not drawn and charmed unconsciously along, as we have always been by music of the masters; although we often came out at the end of a movement convinced that it had justified itself, that there was musical thought and motive and much art in it; yet why were we not carried away by it? By some pieces certainly we were. We could not feel at home in its strange, restless and elaborate accompaniment,—although of course it needed the orchestra to judge well of that; nor in such frequent, sometimes abrupt changes of the key; nor in so many hurrying, irregular divisions in the instrumental figures; nor, generally, in a certain nervous restlessness that seemed to pervade the work. We missed that beautiful *repose* which is characteristic of great art, which is felt even in Macbeth and Hamlet, felt throughout the Passion Music and the Messiah, exciting as they are in parts. It seemed anxiously written, as if rarely trusting to the spontaneous impulse to flow naturally and simply, and as if it were a matter of life and death to do something out of the common,—the result being a certain hardness and fatiguing strangeness in some parts. This was our experience in some of the recitatives, which appeared over-studied,—too much brooding over, not the mood, the thought, the situation, but the musical expression of it. At the same time we felt dramatic truth and power quite frequently. We too seldom found the melody attractive, haunting, although it might be effective.

We have begun with telling the worst and making a clean breast of it (not very confidently and by no means anticipating final judgment). This was before we heard it as a whole. The full performance has not scattered all the clouds, but we are glad to own that it made much clear that was dark before, and disclosed many traits of beauty and of power. Above all it confirmed the feeling that the work is throughout earnest, honest, noble in its spirit and intention; there is no catering for cheap applause. Its dramatic quality came out more vividly, while the poetic unity of design in the whole work grew clearer. We have still our doubts about the chief instrumental pieces, namely: the gloomy Introduction, with its strange modulation from B flat minor into the C major of the opening chorus: "The time is fulfilled," and the "Lament" of Peter after the Denial, both of which still seemed to us overstrained and vague, as if they had caught the new disease, the restlessness that leadeth nowhere, of the music of our day; and so too, in a great part of the accompaniment, even when the voice sings peace, an almost feverish excitement is still kept up in the orchestra. But some of the choruses are

beautiful, original and truly noble. The first one begins stiffly, but at the coming in of the word "Repent" in the bass on the falling interval of a diminished seventh, answered in an upward fifth by the Tenor, continuing in a florid second subject, we have a finely interwoven and majestic piece of counterpoint. The introduction, with the second chorus ("We go before the face of the Lord") of the male four-part song, to distinguish the twelve disciples, forms there and afterwards a novel and a striking feature in this oratorio. The chorus: "The church is built" is still (to our feeling) hard, ungenial, ungracious,—that corner stone a stone of stumbling—while the quick theme that sets in and alternates with it: "This is the Lord's doing," sounds to us light and frivolous, not worth the elaboration it receives. The Quartet and chorus: "Sanctify us" has breadth and dignity and considerable beauty. But the most beautiful piece of genuine musical pathos, and original withal, among the choruses, to our mind, is that after the disciples fled: "We hid our faces from him," though, singularly, that almost alone escaped applause; the Allegro, which comes in the midst of it: "He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter," is very graphic with its hurried figure of accompaniment; and the concluding phrase: "He opened not his mouth" is eloquently simple. The chorus of angels: "Remember whence thou art fallen," begun by female voices in four parts, with harp accompaniment, was also impressive. But perhaps the finest chorus in the work is that which forms the conclusion of Part First: "Awake thou that sleepest," suggestive of Mendelssohn's "Sleepers, awake!" by the way in which it startles and excites expectation, though it is by no means an imitation, and by its well worked fugue on "The darkness is past." There is near the end a long transition from D major, through D minor, B flat major, &c., back to the key, which gives a feeling of Beethoven.

The opening chorus of Part Second: "The Son of Man was delivered," is a short and very effective epitome of the *Crucifixus* and *Et resurrexit* of the Mass; the harmony in the first part, with the trombones, being solemn, strange and awe-inspiring, and the movement of "He rose again" very jubilant and brilliant. The chorus after the tenor recitative describes the "cloven tongues of fire" in the day of Pentecost: "The voice of the Lord divideth the flames," &c., is graphic and impressive; and that immediately following, of the multitude: "Behold, are not all these that speak Galileans?" expresses their amazement vividly. Another chorus: "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" which is very short, is intensely earnest, and quite original in its structure. Of the remaining choruses, two of them quite elaborate, our impression is less clear than we could wish on account of the fatiguing length of the performance. The three old Choral melodies, which Mr. Paine has harmonized with much taste and skill, formed grateful moments of repose, and were enjoyed as much as anything. The Quartet: "Feed the flock" is certainly not without beauty, but there is something puzzling to us in the syncopated rhythm of the instrumental introduction and the very singular and as it were antique phrasing of the passages for English horn and violin solo; it seems like a suggestion of Bach for a while, but then it goes on in quite a modern commonplace way of accompaniment.

There is a large share of solo music, both of Aria and Recitative, some of which, we feel, does not materially relieve the general impression of the work. Each of the four voices has at least two Arias; the Bass, in the character of St. Peter, more; and these are naturally the most important, and they were given for the most part with good effective style and just expression by Mr. RUDOLPHSEN. They are various in character. First a song of gladness, after the divine call; then an Air of deep remorse and supplication: "My God, forsake me not" (after the Denial), which we like much better than the orchestral "Lament" which forms its prelude. And again, after the gift of tongues, the solemn exhortation: "Ye men of Judea," to

which the emphatic iteration of a phrase of three notes in the accompaniment seems to enforce attention before he proceeds to recite at length the wonders foretold by the prophet Joel,—all in a highly dramatic and excited strain, with elaborate splendor of instrumentation. Some of Peter's recitative, too, impressed us as quite characteristic, as where he reproduces the phrase of the first chorus: "repent," and in the scene of the Denial, and in the answers to the Saviour's question: "lovest thou me?" The Tenor portion of this scene (the Arioso: "Feed my lambs"), and indeed the whole scene, is beautiful and tender, and the subdued excitement of the instrumentation, the timid flutter of the heart in spite of Peter's confident responses, has a touch of true expression. The words of Jesus are given to the Tenor, and one of the sweetest and purest of all the Arias is "Let not your heart be troubled"; only here we should have liked a little more repose in the accompaniment. Mr. VARLEY, though suffering from fatigue apparently, sung it with fine expression, and was very happy in the dialogue before referred to: "Feed my lambs," &c. The Soprano and Contralto Arias suffered somewhat for the want of more rehearsal with the orchestra, but both Mrs. West and Miss Philipps acquitted themselves conscientiously and with feeling. The first Soprano Air (No. 3): "The spirit of the Lord is upon me," is melodious, and rises to a brilliant energy at the words "proclaim liberty to the captives;" the other [No. 25]: "O man of God, be strong, . . . put on the whole armor of God," &c., is a swift, bold, declamatory strain, giving plenty of opportunity for sustained high tones, and made a quickening impression. Of the contralto Arias, we find much unaffected, sweet and quiet pathos in the last one: "As for man his days are as grass," which was touchingly rendered by Miss Philipps.

Upon the whole we do not feel entirely sure of all our own impressions of St. Peter, and we prefer to leave to time at all events the question of its *genius*. But that it is a thoughtful, earnest, musician-like and earnest work; that it shows dramatic power in many passages; that it is full of feeling in some parts, if it is dry and overwrought in others; that it is free from all slavish imitation, and conceived and executed in the man's own way (if sometimes to a fault); that we find more in it to like,—more at least to justify itself to cool examination: and that the chorus singers and the audience, when they sang in it and heard it as a whole, liked it a good deal better than they ever thought they should,—we can with confidence report. At all events respect is due to the first earnest effort on so great a scale, and giving such proofs of ability, by an American composer who is yet a young man.—The choral part of the performance was excellent; but as a whole this work, as well as the Passion Music, needed more rehearsal with the orchestra.

CONCLUSION. Of the last two performances,—the "Messiah" on Sunday evening and the extra performance of "Elijah," Monday evening, we need only say that the first had a most crowded audience, and the last disappointed expectation in that regard; that both works were admirably rendered, notwithstanding symptoms of fatigue in many of the voices; that the same excellent quartet of soloists sang in the "Messiah" as on the opening night in "Judas" (Miss EDITH WYNNE, Miss CARY, Mr. VARLEY and Mr. WHITNEY; and that Mr. JOHN F. WINCH more than confirmed the good impression made by his first rendering of the music of Elijah, while the other principals, Miss Wynne, Miss Philipps and Mr. Varley were equal to their parts.

It has been a matter of regret to all the friends of music to learn that the Festival, artistically a great success, was not so pecuniarily; a loss of \$4400. (about ten per cent) having to be assessed upon the guarantors. But this result was better than that of the festival three years ago. The loss was chiefly in the afternoon concerts; but probably the real reason was that the Festival was so long and the performances so frequent, that the strain on the attention, and the continuous excitement, were more than most people, though they be ever so musical, can well endure. Why attempt to go beyond the custom of the musical festivals abroad, which seldom, if ever, last more than three days?

Concerts.

MME CAMILLA URSO's last concert (25th ult.) began with the superb Quartet by Beethoven in E flat, No. 10; which was finely interpreted by herself and Messrs. ALLEN, MULLALLY and WULF FRIES. It was the rarest treat of the season in the way of chamber music. Mme.

Urso seemed to be quite herself again, and in spite of her late accident led the Quartet with all the fire and freedom and the fine expression which had made the former concerts so enjoyable. Mr. MILLS, the pianist from New York, joined her in the rendering of a graceful, piquant Andante and Variations (somewhat Scotch in character) from a Sonata in A, op. 78, by Raff,—the first variations charming, but some of the last ones less so—and in the grand C-minor Trio of Mendelssohn, in which both artists played magnificently; we have never heard its fiery and impassioned first and last Allegros brought out with such breadth and power. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN sang Gounod's "Medje," the *Don Juan* Serenade of Mozart, and Wolfgram's Fantasia from *Tannhäuser*, in good style, accompanied by Mr. A. SAURET. The concert gave great satisfaction.

The APOLLO CLUB, its active force now raised to sixty singers, gave about the best feast of male part-singing, in the Music Hall, June 1, that we have yet had. The voices are all of the best for power and sweetness that our city could afford, well balanced, thoroughly drilled in all points of attack, precision, light and shade, as well as full and free delivery and holding out of tone. They quite surpassed their previous efforts, greatly as those were admired. The two double choruses from Mendelssohn's "Oedipus" music afforded matter worthy of their noblest powers, and both were admirably sung. They only needed an orchestra for more complete effect; but Mr. LANG's accompaniment on a resounding Chickering "Grand" was sure and telling. The scene from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, with which the concert closed, is from the latter portion of the second act, where the Herald (bass) proclaims the King's decree banishing the traitor Telramund, and the knights respond at intervals in double chorus. Mr. JOHN WINCH gave the recitatives of the Herald with great power, and the several outbursts of chorus, though they have a good deal of the sameness of most martial part-song, had a ringing trumpet quality that was effective.

The other selections were smaller, but choice: Weber's "Spring's return"; Mendelssohn's "Drinking Song" and "Love and Wine"; Abt's "Vineta"; Serenade for tenor Solo (Mr. W. J. WINCH) and chorus, by Storch; and a romantic, graceful part-song: "Who comes so gracefully, gliding along," by Mr. Lang himself, the accomplished instructor and conductor of the Club. All these were exquisitely sung, the several passages of solo by Dr. LANGMAID, the brothers WINCH, and Mr. POWERS, giving especial pleasure. Dr. Langmaid, instead of the Romanza from "Cosi fan tutte," sang with great beauty a rather sentimental *Sales Maria* by the great French baritone, Faure; and the brothers Winch sang a Duet by Mr. Lang, "The Sea King," in rather an old English bravura style, full of roulades, which showed their voices and their execution to advantage.—The whole concert did great honor to the Club and to their excellent conductor.

In the same place, before an equal crowd, on the evening of June 5th, the younger organization, the BOYLESTON CLUB, happy also in a very efficient leader, Mr. SHARLAND, gave abundant evidence of very marked improvement in all the essential qualities of good part-singing. Their numbers are not so large as the Apollo, nor have the same experience, a *plomb* and endurance; but the voices are pure and fresh and fine, and in some of the pieces their rendering might well challenge comparison with the older union. None of their selections, however, were of the formidable character of the choruses from "Oedipus" &c., they were simply part-songs by such men as Abt, Billeter, Dürner, Kücken, &c. Among them, however, was one exquisite short bit by Schumann: "The dreamy lake," so beautiful and so well sung that it had to be repeated. In somewhat larger form, and much admired were Hatten's "King Witluf's Drinking Horn," "Fair Rothrant" by Velt, and, for a finale, "Comrades in Arms," by Adam.

ANTI-WAGNER. The London *Musical World* (May 16) has the two following squibs,—the first of them provoked by Wagner's proposed emendations of the Ninth Symphony.

CAD versus CAD.

(To the Editor of the London "Musical World.")

SIR.—A young friend of mine, a capital musician, at present on a rather prolonged stay in the neighborhood of Hanwell Railway Station, has written some excellent papers on "manifest intentions."

In one of these are contained some suggestions for the improvement of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. On the overture, for instance, he proposes several modifications of the instrumentation, amongst others the substitution of dumb bells for the cymbals which play so important a part in the *allegro*. Although the question of orchestration is treated at greatest length, some valuable hints have been thrown out with regard to form. The Grand March, though it contains four distinct subjects, is, nevertheless, all in one key. This movement he has cleverly arranged so that the subjects now appear in *relative* keys, thus presenting greater variety of tonality, and

bringing out to a stronger light the composer's "manifest intention."

I will not go into further particulars just now. I believe it was originally intended to offer these suggestions to Mr. Manns, but that gentleman having lately shown such superstitious regard for the letter ("which killeth") of a composer's score, I do not think that my friend will care to do so now.

If you like, when he returns to town, I will get him to send his "emendations" to you for insertion in your valuable paper.—Yours, etc. C. A. D.

P.S.—I might add that he has revised Gounod's *Faust*, Sterndale Bennett's "*Woman of Samaria*," and intends to do a like service for Benedict's new Symphony, as soon as the score is published.

Directions for Composing a "Wagner" Overture.

A sharp, where you'd expect a natural:

A natural where you'd expect a sharp:

No rule observe but the exceptional:

And then (first happy thought!) bring in a HARP!

No bar but a sequence to the bar behind:

No bar a prelude to the next that comes:

Which follows which, you really needn't mind:

But (second happy thought!) bring in your DRUMS!!

For harmonies, let wildest discords pass:

Let key be blent with key, in hideous hash:

Then (for last happy thought!) bring in your BRASS!

And clang, clash, clatter—clatter, clang, and clash!
Wednesday night. A SUFFERER.

Sim Reeves, the English Tenor.

Among male singers there is none who occupies a more enviable position than the gentleman whose name heads this article. It is not merely that he has an exquisite and exceptional voice, but that there is a study and finish in his art which transcends that of any of his contemporaries. He seems to have become the absolute standard by which all other English tenors are measured as if with a common consent. As his career and peculiar relations to the musical art in England are but little known in this country, we propose to briefly sketch them.

Mr. Reeves made his first appearance at the New-castle Theatre in 1838, at the age of seventeen, in what are known as "singing walking-gentleman's" parts, including such as "Amiens," in *As You Like It*, or "Careless," in the *School for Scandal*. His voice was then classed as a baritone. He shortly afterwards went to Paris and Milan to study, and made his *début* in Italian opera with considerable success. On returning to England he found the field occupied with such great favorites as Mario, Tamberlik, Calzolari, and others; and, after giving a short trial to his fortunes in this line, he determined to give his attention rather in the direction of English opera. He created the principal parts in Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, and Wallace's *Amber Witch*. He was afterwards the first to sing the rôle of *Faust* in England. But his great fame has been gained as an oratorio and ballad singer. Here he has achieved a reputation absolutely peerless, and raised his execution of this [which?] class of music to a full level with that of opera by the greatest foreign artists.

At the time that Sim Reeves commenced to give his attention to oratorio singing, sacred music had just commenced to make vast advances. Costa had just put fresh life into the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the provincial festivals were commencing to be organized on the vast scale which they have since grown to. But tenor singers fit to render the music of Handel, Bach, Haydn, and Mendelssohn were scarce. Braham and Templeton were gone, and even Mario and Tamberlik had failed to meet public expectation in oratorios. This was Sims Reeves's golden chance, and he seized it. Since that time he has reigned supremely. No music furnishes so perfect a test of the perfection of mere singing as that of the oratorio. There are no *arias* which so try the voice, and bring to light any imperfections, no matter how carefully they may be covered up. The composers have exhausted their skill and ingenuity in burdening these solo passages with the most complicated difficulties. There is nothing dramatic in the surroundings to relieve the attention and watchfulness of the audience. The whole effect is dependent on the intelligence and

vocalization of the artist. Sim Reeves has taken a rank so exalted that he has, so to speak, created a new school, and there seems to be no successor on whom his mantle is likely to fall.

Aside from the extreme beauty and sweetness of this singer's voice, and the perfect finish of his vocalization, he seems to be paramount by the intelligence with which he interprets the meaning of the music, the insight which enables him to dramatize the effects by delivery alone. This musical elocution is something we rarely meet either in opera or oratorio, and of itself it is of such importance as to offset signal defects of this kind. The translation of passion, power, tenderness, by inflection and emphasis, into the musical delivery of words is the last and crowning achievement. It is here that Mr. Sim Reeves is reputed to be so prominent over all his contemporaries, whether on the operatic stage, or the oratorio, or concert-room. In this, as well as in the phrasing of the music itself, the great English tenor produces such touching and admirable effects that the critics have become impatient and disdainful of all his competitors in the same line of effort. From the fiery vigor of such *arias* as "Sound an Alarm," "Thou shalt dash them," or "Philistines, Hark!" down to the quaint and tender simplicity of "My Pretty Jane," and similar ballads, he is said to have a mastery over all the difficult styles. His early dramatic training has probably helped him to impart intense expression to his voice, and, though like all other great tenors he sometimes introduces changes in Handel's music, which are unwarrantable liberties, for the purpose of showing off his voice, his hearers always forgive him before he has finished.

Sims Reeves has become notorious for the number of times when he has disappointed the public by failing to appear, and harsh constructions have often been put on his motives. But the truth seems to be that his throat is exceptionally delicate, and he will not sing except when he is in perfect voice. To this precaution and obstinacy he probably owes it that he has retained his voice in perfection so long. He knows that his organ is too precious to be tampered with, and the public have now learned to feel that, though their disappointments are trying, their favorite tenor, by his care of himself, has a long outlook for their interests as well as his own.

How decided the rank of Mr. Sims Reeves is, shows itself in the utter dissatisfaction of audiences with any substitute. He unquestionably ranks favorably with any of the great modern singers; and, though some of them may surpass him in volume of voice, he more than compensates by the legitimacy of his style, his superb phrasing, and his intensity of expression. In the variety of his talents as a singer, he certainly need not fear rivalry, according to the unanimous verdict of foreign critics.—*Appleton's Journal*.

AN OLD MUSICIAN'S JUBILEE. Prof. Carl Schultze, a popular and successful teacher of music, in Lexington, Kv., and who is now establishing a conservatory in that city, has just received papers from his native city, Kassel, North Germany, containing very interesting and flattering accounts of the 50th service-anniversary of his aged father, Johann Ludwig Schultze, orchestra-musician at the Kasseler theatre. The occasion was a very happy one, and somewhat remarkable from the fact that this is only the second event of the kind recorded in the Prussian orchestra within the last two hundred years; and also because his father celebrated a similar anniversary at the Bückenburger court-theatre.

Early in the morning of the 1st of April last, the house of Mr. Schultze was filled with lovely flowers, the humble offerings of kind and well-wishing friends. In the evening over one hundred persons assembled in the public reading-room of the museum which was also decorated with beautiful flowers. The old and beloved musician was so ducted to his seat of honor by the Baron von Carlshausen, who greeted him with a befitting address, alluding to his long and faithful services. But the most touching moment was that when the speaker, in the name of Kaiser Wilhelm, decorated the honest musician with the order of the crown, of the 4th degree. The members of the orchestra presented their old colleague with a beautiful, richly-gilded silver laurel wreath. Director Reiss then gave a short history of the Kasseler orchestra of the last fifty years, referring to the high and honorable position Mr. Schulze had occupied in the same, and holding him up as a worthy example to be followed by the younger members of the orchestra. And now a delicious banquet was spread out before the many guests. Everybody was happy, but the happiest of all was the old Jubilar, Johann Ludwig Schultze.

Z.

Special Notices.

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Full of pathos, and ends brightly.

Instrumental.

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